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Where Toothbrushes Grow on Trees

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The Tragedy of Errors

By Marjorie W. Smith

Former Instructor in Applied Art

THE co-eds, Susie Short and Tilly Tall were standing by the Post Office chatting of form and fashions, when Ada Stout came waddling toward them, puffing, red-faced and perspiring. Ada was wearing a small, close-fitting hat, brimless in front and with a low-hanging brim across the back which interfered greatly with the long-haired fur collar on her big plaid coat. Since she was very warm, she was unbuttoning her coat, revealing a large-patterned pink dress.

Ada (gaily): What are you discussing so seriously? You look as though the end of the world were going to happen within ten minutes.

Tilly Tall (gloomily): Well, if you knew all the things that were wrong with you, you'd look sick too.

Susie Short (interrupting before Ada's sensitive soul could be offended): Yes, we are just about ready to give all our clothes to the Salvation Army and start in again with a brand new wardrobe. You see a lecturer has just been telling us how to correct our physical defects by the right use of line in dress.

Ada (cheerfully): Sounds good. Let's hear about it.

Tilly, who was slightly stooped because of her desire to appear shorter, straightened up and threw back her shoulders.

Tilly: The lecturer said that round-shouldered folks like me should never wear collarless dresses, for that kind reveals a thin neck, and makes the curve of the shoulders more apparent. She also said that sway backs like mine should never wear a dress close-fitted in the back nor should long arms with big hands be fitted into close-fitting sleeves.

Ada (staring in wide-eyed amazement): Well what under the sun should you wear?

Tilly (looking at her sadly): I must wear loose, softly gathered sleeves with a bow at the wrist or a cuff over the wrist-band to widen the bottom of the sleeve. I should wear a slightly bloused waist too, and it will straighten the curve of my back.

Ada Stout (eagerly): Well, what's the matter with the neck line?

Tilly (pulling her crepe scarf up a bit

more closely around her throat): I'll never wear another collarless dress. I see now how scrawny and long my neck must look. After this you'll see me with a collar rather wide and soft. It must be one that doesn't fit up too closely in the back of my neck, for I guess that style will help conceal my round shoulders.

Susie Short had been waiting rather impatiently to talk about her own physical short-comings.

Susie: Yes, isn't it funny, all the things that Tilly should wear are all the wrong things for me. I've discovered that a slight girl like me who is rather flat-chested and narrow hipped, should wear softly gathered styles and avoid tailored effects. I should wear cascade ripples, wide soft-looped bows or pleated or ruffled jabots on the front of my waist. Tilly Tall's trimmings should be in the back, while mine are to be on the front. I can wear collars that are wide in front, but not high in the back. I can wear capes, too, because they help to widen my narrow shoulders.

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Where Toothbrushes Grow on Trees

By Nellie Goethe

"THE Hindu girl is very devoted to her religion, and she attaches a religious significance to all the occurrences of daily life," said Miss Phyllis Harley, Bombay, India, who is a member of the staff of the Women's University Settlement, in her address to the home economics girls on India women and their habits of living. "Every child is initiated into her religion," she said. "Women carry sacrifices of fruits, vegetables, etc., to the god in the house."

Miss Harley, an Englishwoman, has been awarded the first fellowship by the International Committee of the American Home Economics Association. She is making a three months tour of the United States, and is studying home economics and social work.

The typical home in India has no bed or furniture, except for, perhaps, a wooden cot and a square stool. A large brass plate containing the food is placed upon the stool, and, according to Miss Harley, they eat with their fingers. They are carefully taught how to do this, and must not soil the back of the hand or fingers.

"The typical diet of the Hindu girls is vegetarian because of the sanctity of



Miss Phyllis Harley

animal meat," remarked Miss Harley. "The Hindu believes that we don't give

life, therefore, we can't take it." She explained that this sanctity included not only the flesh of animals, but also eggs. Before a Hindu girl will try a new Western food, she will ask, "Are there eggs in it?" If there are not, she will taste the food.

"Rice is the staple food of India," added Miss Harley, "although fruits and vegetables are also eaten. I believe," she commented, "the diet does need to be studied, for there is a great deal of illness and tendency to illness."

"The Hindu girl doesn't need a tooth brush and tooth paste," said Miss Harley. "A twig of a tree that grows there makes a suitable tooth brush, and the acid it contains cleans the teeth."

India has no system of sanitation. People, called sweepers, come into the homes and remove the refuse and rubbish. "No one else will stoop to do this task," she explained, "so for this reason the sweeper can command any pay she wants."

Miss Harley is associated with the
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Where Toothbrushes Grow on Trees

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hostel, or what we call dormitory, where the girls stay who come from all parts

of India to attend a university or college in Bombay City.

"We welcome people from all communities," she said. At present we have 40 girls of all castes and creeds—Mohammedans, Christians of many denominations, Jains, Parsees, Jewesses and Hindus of various castes. Both Indian and European food is served," she remarked, "and we all eat together either with forks, spoons or fingers."

No domestic science work is given in India. There is no opposition to it, but it is just a new subject, according to Miss Harley. A nursery school has been started and she believes that it will mark the beginning of future home economics work.

"Our ideal," she concluded, "is learning the art of living together, and of sinking all the unnecessary differences that we have."

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Coeds of the Naughty Nineties

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from passengers to packages or letters) and ride merrily off to the play. Maybe before the "specials" returned to the safe shelter of "Old Main" they would loiter in the shadows of the chapel and whisper sweet nothings to each other. Of course it was against the rules, but—

Daytime dates or dates of any kind were unheard of in the early days. Dates in those days were known as "engagements." There was a course, however, called "campus lab," which was much indulged in by the students, particularly in the springtime. On the campus between the Main Building and Agricultural Hall between the hours of 4 and 6 they played croquet. Or, on the two tennis courts they nimbly batted balls back and forth. One year the latest senior pastime was wheeling junior ladies around in wheelbarrows. As always in "campus lab" the "specials" could do lots of walking, but only on the campus—unless they had special permission.

Now, as to the studies perused by these gay but serious-minded young people, the boys studied with mathematical exactitude engineering or scratched the grey earth in agriculture, while the girls took the "ladies' course," which included numerous classes in "domestic economy" and gave them the degree of B. L., bachelor of letters.

Then, as now, the able bodied males sweat, swore and survived thru the bore-some bugbear, military, or the R. O. T. C. So, in order to make the course more popular, the clever general instigated Company G, or the Ladies' Battalion, in which the girls enrolled. They were General Lincoln's pet company, and were taught many complicated maneuvers and drills. The officers of the R. O. T. C. always invited Company G to an annual dinner and assisted Company G in its Decoration Day activities at Boone. The climax of "the Ladies' Battalion" was its onslaught, 100 strong, at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, where they drilled and marched and marched and drilled.

Athletics, at first, at the Iowa Agricultural College (now I. S. C.) were the vehicle for class duels, since intercollegiate athletics did not begin until about 1890, when Iowa State played other schools in the state. Gory were the battles fought between classes. One class would challenge the other to battle. Baseball and association football were the means of expression. The boys bought their own equipment and trained each other in the sports. Seeking more distant enemies, they would often play the small towns round about in baseball. Some of the boys wishing a little extra money would play in teams of other towns.

Speaking of battles, the greatest of
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